

who moved so earnestly in their ranks. Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war, and the Bishop had the proud consciousness of having achieved a bloodless conquest among the Indians of the far West.

All our happiness depends upon our detachment from ourselves; and in this, if it be perfect, consists everything.—*St. Teresa.*

Some time ago Mgr. Meerschaert, Vicar Apostolic of the Indian Territory, dedicated a Catholic church near Grove, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. This church was mostly built by a devout Catholic, named Mathias Spitlog, the wealthiest Indian in the territory. The building is of stone and very substantial.

Once upon a time, there was a rose-bush in a garden, and on its topmost branch a full-blown rose was growing. A close observer, however, could see that its leaves had none of the freshness, none of the softness and fragrance that make this flower such a favorite. Down below it, on the same branch, a young rose-bud was just emerging from its cradle of green leaves. The morning was chilly and the full-grown rose, knowing by sad experience that the tender bud would be injured by the biting air, bent down and whispered: "Little one, wait awhile. 'Tis early as yet. Come not forth till the sun warms you with his beams." But the bud had caught a glimpse of the world and thought it beautiful; so, rearing its little head, it said proudly: "You old dotard, the sun will come and find me blooming and ready to receive him." And so it came forth in all its infant beauty, only to be nipped by the frosty air. Soon the chill wore away, but before it was time for the sun to come a heavy fog had gathered and shut out the re-

living light. At last, when the beams of golden light come through the clear air and fell upon the garden, they found the bud withered and dead, and the old rose mourning over it. How many little rose-buds have we in this world who are just as foolish, and often cause both themselves and others much unhappiness by their disobedience!

"Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

Marion.

"Know all women by these presents," began a sagacious attorney on a public document. "Know all men, etc.," corrected a fellow lawyer. "That's all right," explained the first, "if the women know it, the men will soon hear of it."

St. Francis of Assissi used to say continually to his brothers: "My brethren, let us begin to love God a little." He felt that he was only at the outset of the way of perfection—a mere beginner in the science of God. If we think ourselves to be more, it is because we are less. If we think ourselves more than beginners, it is a sign that we have hardly yet begun. There is, says Cardinal Manning, no security for perseverance except in always advancing. To stand still is impossible.

It is not in the order of things that a man should be a reprobate, and keep the matter concealed through two or three generations. It is possible that one may be a hypocrite and a villain in his heart for a life-time. But actions will speak in the end.

A cultivated devil has the sharpest claws.

Four things cannot come back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.